

RESTORATION



Vol. IV.

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No. 9.

A Nun Must Burn Self At Stake To Show Way

By Catherine de Hueck

Dear Sister—Today, I feel strange. I want to go on my knees before you. Maybe it is not strange after all, for why shouldn't I kneel before a saintly spouse of God? It is not done often, but I want to do it. With a great and burning desire. Because I want to supplicate you to teach the youth that comes to you, two things—TO BE BEFORE GOD . . . AND TO DO FOR GOD. And it comes to me, that the best way to emphasize my petition, is to assume the posture of a suppliant.

Unless youth is taught both these immense truths, our generation will end up in the catacombs. Perhaps it should be there. Perhaps it should be persecuted, martyred. Perhaps it should shed rivers of its blood to wash off the enormous stains of its sins of omission and commission?

I Must Talk

But I, who have had a taste of both catacombs and rivers of blood . . . I cannot stand by, knowing there is yet a way out of all this, and remain silent.

And the way is so simple. It is the way of the Holy Ghost; of Mary, His Spouse, of the Holy Trinity . . . the WAY OF LOVE. Love knows its source and daily goes to it to be filled to the brim so that it in turn can spill over . . . so that it can spend itself in service and sacrifice for others, and, having spent itself, go back to be renewed, refilled, to spend itself again, gloriously, passionately, constantly.

This is how I see the life of a human soul through the spans of years allotted it by its Maker on earth.

Not Nearly Enough

It is not enough, dear Sister, just to teach the verities of Faith. You must remember, and remembering teach too, that FAITH WITHOUT WORKS IS DEAD. But also, THAT THE WORKS OF GOD CAN BE FRUITFUL ONLY IF THEY ARE ROOTED IN FAITH. FAITH AND GOOD WORKS GO TOGETHER, OR EACH IS A HERESY!

Did you ever think of yourself as following closely in Mary's footsteps? As renewing, through the ages, Her sublime vocation of Motherhood? Consider. You too have said your FIAT, even as She did.

You too have accepted "motherhood." For what is your life, but an advent, a giving of birth to Christ, of allowing Him to grow within you to manhood in His hidden life, that makes yours what it is. You are the fields and roads on which He lives His public life. He dies in you (and with you) on Golgotha. Like Mary, you must give Him to all who come to you, but especially to the youth; you are consecrated to teach.

The Entire Christ

Give the whole Christ. Don't maim Him. Don't stunt

Him. Give youth all of Him in you and through you! Teach them to see Him as He is. Do not soften any part of Him. Do not take one iota from the sweet-hardness of His life, and His Cross.

Teach your pupils to love Him so that their lives will be spent with Him in love and in Faith . . . THAT IS THE BEING BEFORE GOD . . . Give them ALL THE WAYS of that "BEING". Hold nothing back. Open before them the infinite wealth of the Mass. Present to them that School of love. Give them all the prayers. They will need them . . . the vocal, the mental, the contemplative. And when you have done this, start all over again and connect that BEING BEFORE GOD . . . WITH THE DOING FOR HIM.

Open before them wide, the whole book of service and sacrifice that flows so naturally, so simply, and with such breathless beauty, from all of the above . . . into corporal and spiritual works of mercy DONE AT A PERSONAL SACRIFICE.

The Flame of Love

Light the flame, dear Sister. Light the flame of God . . . of love . . . in the hearts of your pupils. Send them away from you to become lamps well-trimmed, filled with the oil of that love. Thus they may become a light to the hesitant, the wandering, the weary feet of all men.

Do it now. Do it, even if each of you who reads this, knows the price each will have to pay for that immense privilege of making a young soul into a spark of the fire of the Holy Ghost.

Yes, I know. It means that YOU MUST BE ONE FIRST. It means that you must allow yourself to be bound to a burning stake, at which ALL OF YOUR SELF LOVE WILL BE BURNED OUT.

Being burned out, being consumed by flames is so terribly painful, so immeasurably hard! But it must be done . . . and by yourself . . . or the enemies of God will do it for all of us, you included, perhaps with the real fire of wood and smoke.

Fire A Caress

Let us pray to St. Joan of Arc, who knew the intolerable pain of such a fire . . . but who perhaps did not feel it, as we would; for in her

a greater fire—the fire of the love of God—was raging, that caused the man-made fire to seem as nothing but a soothing caress.

The world will be saved by men, women, and especially by youth, who burn with that sort of fire. YOU MUST LIGHT IT . . . EVEN IF THERE IS NOTHING LEFT OF YOUR SELF LOVE BUT ASHES. NAY, WHEN NOTHING IS LEFT OF YOUR SELF LOVE BUT ASHES!

And so I do kneel before you, and beg you humbly . . . to begin to burn at that stake of your own making . . . so that by the light it makes, youth may see God . . . and seeing love Him . . . and loving Him, spend itself for Him.

Yours in Christ,
Catherine.



Among The Lonely Hills

W. C. Dwyer

(Nora, you will remember, left the farm of her father, Michael—and went to the city, after her boy friend, Jim—Pat's son—entered the air corps. The old folks got together after her departure; and they have been thinking of starting a credit union or co-operative. This instalment concerns itself with Nora in the city. She tells something about her new life in a letter to her parents.)

Mrs. Mike called to her husband who was working in the garden. Together they sat in the shade of the milk-house to read their daughter's letter.

"Dear Mom: Your sweet letter came when I was in an indigo mood. Complete discouragement had almost settled over me, but I feel better now. I sure giggled out loud at your description of Dad's and Mr. Pat's method of argument—how they found themselves on the same side of the fence, before they were finished.

Jim Likes To Tease

"It's plain to be seen how Pat's son, Jim (Nora's boy-friend) acquired his liking

(Continued on Page Four)

CATHOLIC FAMILIES WANTED ON FARMS

By Paul Harris

After a decade of campaigning, the National Catholic Rural Life Conference has introduced courses in rural sociology in many Catholic institutions of higher learning, but still has much work to do to counteract the false urban philosophy prevalent in most Catholic high schools and universities.

Catholic rural leaders in the U.S. realize too, that farming as a way of life requires too much apprenticeship for the average urban dweller to make a success of it, and hence discourages anything like a mass back-to-the-land movement.

Stay On The Land

The whole purpose of the N.C.R.L.C. is to urge Catholic youth now on the land to stay on the land, and to enable them to acquire farms instead of migrating to the city. This means an all-out effort to improve farming conditions.

The N.C.R.L.C. urges the formation of 4-H clubs, textbooks to fit the special needs and environment of rural youth, and the establishment of Catholic Agriculture Colleges. The importance of rural youths having all the means to higher education, especially at agriculture colleges, cannot be overstressed.

Our present Pope, Pius XII, has assured us, "There is no more mistaken idea than the notion that the man who tills the soil does not need a serious and adequate education to enable him to perform the varied duties of the season in timely fashion."

Special Emphasis

In Canada the rural life outlook is more encouraging. Catholic Quebec with century old farming traditions has led the way in developing a new rural life program. The depression of 1929 saw large groups of unemployed rural workers and posed a real problem for Quebec's clergy and social and economic agencies. The solution seemed to be in the development of the Province's natural resources, with special emphasis laid on the "land."

The net result was a colonization scheme which resulted in the founding of 108 new rural parishes between 1931 and 1939 with each new parish having an average of 150 families. These parishes enjoy Church social and economic services.

The colonization was sponsored by close Dominion and Provincial, financial co-operation, and municipal assistance. It called for families possessed of strong moral principles, willing to make sacrifices and with a pioneering spirit. The Church, with rural-minded priests, spearheaded the movement; giving spiritual assistance and encouragement to the new settlers. In all, 10,000 families settled on the land. The productive farms of rural Quebec to-day

point to the colonization success.

Farm Or City?

However even with this success Quebec's rural leaders look with alarm at the youths who leave the farms for the city. One reason for the alarm of course, is that rural Quebec families are traditionally large (8-12 children), while urban families are much smaller.

In Canada as well as the U.S., some Bishops have taken action to stop the one way mass exodus of youth to the cities.

Bishop William Smith of the diocese of Pembroke decided to attack the problem in a new way. A few years ago he invited Catherine Doherty to come and found a rural settlement house in his diocese. The purpose of the house would be to encourage the rural life movement, assist the poorer farmers, teach new farming methods, and in general, re-educate the farmers to a new concept of the beauty of rural living.

One of Several

It also assists and encourages women's clubs, recreational facilities for the parish youth, and up-to-date methods of agriculture. Friendship House in Combermere is one of several new Catholic farming communities now being run in Canada by zealous priests and lay-people.

One of the most encouraging signs in the rural life movement in the U.S. is the motivating force of the Catholic Worker Movement which encourages Farming communes, where two or more families desiring to live on the land can bind together and live a more abundant life, more Christian and co-operative.

One such farming commune became an actuality when two families under the guidance of the Catholic Worker movement moved from Chicago and Milwaukee to a farm in Missouri. The only requirements were a farm of 160 acres or more, a wood lot of at least 40 acres, housing adequate for two families and a Church within easy walking distance of the farm. The St. Louis diocese sent encouraging responses to the young set-

(Continued on Page Four)

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WHERE LOVE IS—GOD IS

There is danger in lulls. They always happen before storms. There has been a lull, a stillness, about this summer. Wars and rumors of war have receded. And men and women, released from dark fears, have thrown themselves into forgetfulness with vim and vigor.

Holiday travels are at their height. Steamships, planes, trains are booked to capacity. Cars speed over smooth roads in unending streams. The motto of most people seems again, "Let us make merry while we can."

If this applied only to the natural order of things, it could pass muster, for man needs rest, and forgetfulness from worry and work. But when the same state of mind applies to the supernatural, danger is nigh. For in the supernatural life, storms are always around the corner. So are wars . . . or perhaps a WAR. The unending war against the Prince of evil and darkness.

It is strange that we Catholics cannot comprehend, cannot, seemingly, assimilate this truth, cannot sustain the effort of the continual unending fight that is our heritage on this earth. Our ultimate goal is sanctity . . . sanctity that brings us to the Beatific Vision, to God, for eternity. In this fight our souls are at stake. But today, because WE ARE CATHOLICS . . . there is more at stake than ever.

Into our sinful hands God has placed the souls of the world. On us, strange as it may seem, depends in no small measure the future of this planet. What are we doing about it? Are we allowing the lull before the storm to put us into an unhealthy sleep that at any moment may turn into death everlasting?

Do we really have ears . . . AND HEAR NOT? Eyes . . . AND SEE NOT? It would appear so. How many have begun to understand that Catholic Action is for all? How many have arisen and gone in search of the specialized knowledge that will make them soldiers of Christ indeed? How many have comprehended that they too are chosen APOSTLES of Christ, part of His Royal Priesthood, and that this is the acceptable time for them . . . WHO HAVE BEEN SENT TOO . . . to go about their Father's business, night and day . . . without ever stopping to rest by the wayside?

There is so little time left. The souls of men all around us are crying out for the bread of truth and the water from the living source that is Christ. Others are out in the fields, reaping the harvest that is overripe, confusing the "little ones of God" while we take our ease, and mistake a cease-fire for His peace . . .

Oh brothers and sisters in Christ . . . let us be done with the trappings of the world, the flesh and the devil . . . LET US NOW, TODAY, FALL IN LOVE WITH GOD . . . AND MAKE OUR LIVES AN ADVENTURE . . . A GLORIOUS ADVENTURE OF LOVE IN HIM . . . AND, THROUGH IT, RESTORE THE WORLD, AND ALL THAT DWELL THEREIN, TO HIM WHO CREATED IT AND THEM.



FIVE ACRE MEDITATIONS

by Eddie Doherty

The last Fourth of July, I must tell you, was one of the quietest, and one of the nicest, I ever spent.

It brought back days when I used to wake at four or five o'clock—absolutely unheard of hours—and sneak out of the house to toss a lighted firecracker, or a bunch of them, into the street.

It brought back days of parades, and small boys running madly to get near the music—and then, breathlessly, to follow the band for miles. It brought back days of noise and oratory and patriotism and remarkable displays of fireworks at night.

The Day We Celebrate

But this time—for some hours, I did not realize it was the Fourth of July. I awoke—early, as usual. I looked out the window that overlooks the river, and saw the gray clouds scurrying

Prior.

Old instincts. I suppressed them sternly. And suddenly I realized that all this was half a century or so ago, that I was now no longer a postulant, no longer a boy. I was sixty. I was a middle-aged man; and, according to the doctors, I didn't have more than thirty or forty more years to live! I was getting along in years, and I wasn't any too well this particular morning. And my nurse—the night before—had told me I need not get up at all if I did not feel better.

The Dawn Patrol Man

I am, I must explain, of the dawn patrol. I am usually up and about before 11 o'clock; sometimes even before 10.30. But some days the dawn forgets to come. And so—

The chanting kept up. I listened. The voices were



fast from east to west, scudding through gray skies as though they were in terror. There was one little cloud that kept looking over its shoulder. And it kept changing its shape until it absolutely vanished.

And I kept hearing a sort of chant down below, on the lawn beneath the bedroom windows. That reminded me of days at Granville, Wis., when I studied with the Servite Fathers and hoped one day to become a missionary priest. (I stayed there two years or so. I left when one of the monks explained to me the beauty and the glory and the grandeur and the holiness, and the romance and adventure and felicity of the Sacrament of Matrimony. When I had begun fully to appreciate God's gift of women, I saw no reason why I should not make a life-study of that fascinating subject. I realized I had no vocation for the priesthood. None at all.)

Matins and Lauds

A sort of chant! Ah, many a morning, turning over in my cot for another attempt to sleep, I heard the monks downstairs in the chapel, chanting Matins and Lauds. A beautiful sound. One never to be forgotten. One always to be cherished.

A beautiful sound indeed. But, always, there came with the appreciation of its beauty, the realization that I had overslept, that I should be in the chapel with the others, chanting with them.

Old instincts came back. To get out of bed quickly. To dress hurriedly. To scamper down the stairs as quietly as I could, to let myself into the chapel as unobtrusively as possible, and to try to avoid the ever-watching eye of Father

those of men and women. That was odd. And they didn't exactly chant, now that I listened closely. No, not exactly, but something like it. And they were using English words, not Latin. Listen—

"I have loved, O Lord, the beauty of Thy house, and the place where Thy glory dwelleth."

The words the priest says at Mass!

"Take not away my soul, O God, with the wicked; nor my life with men of blood."

They were saying Prime, the morning prayer of the Church, there on the lawn below me, below the scurrying gray clouds, below the threatening gray sky. They were saying Prime—and it was the middle of night. I give you my word, it was scarcely nine o'clock! Nine o'clock in the morning, and they had been to Mass and Communion, had finished breakfast, and were saying Prime!

The Guy Thinks

I lay and listened, and thought of the monks I used to listen to nearly fifty years before. And I thought of meadow larks I had heard. There are meadow larks around here, but there are not many landing places for them. The country is too hilly and too cluttered up with pine woods, so the larks are few.

I thought of choirs I had heard in New York and Chicago and the Jesuit Martyrs shrine at Midland—where the Iroquois Indians sang Mass one memorable day—and in Rome and Paris and Los Angeles and other important centers.

I listened to the people on the lawn singing the Salve Regina, and forgot all the

(Continued on Page Three)

The B's Corner

The joyous feast of Our Lady's Assumption falls like a benediction on the month of August. This year it will be more solemn, more glad-some than ever, for now this belief, this certainty, held for so many centuries in the heart of all the faithful, has become a dogma of the Church.

My heart sings a constant Alleluia. For always I cherished this feast, not only because it happens to be my birthday. I rejoiced somehow from youth, with Mary the gracious Mother of God, because on this day her exile ended in glory, and at long last the Mother of Sorrows entered into joy everlasting. She entered as it behooved she should—the all-pure, the inviolate, the only woman full of grace, the woman through whom the Incarnation happened, the woman who gave us God-made-Man, the Queen of heaven, the Queen of all the angels and the saints. Alleluia!

Arise and Preach

To me it is the feast of love, of reunion, of joy, of gladness. But it is also the feast of Catholic Action. For who beholding the "death" of Mary, does not think of her life? And who, thinking of this, does not want to arise and go preaching the Gospel of her Son, the gospel of love for Him?

Love for Him—that love must spill itself into each life, change it, and go on spilling, even overflowing on one's neighbor, on the world. Love that must ever seek to restore all . . . through Christ to the Father Who so loved us that He gave His son for the salvation of our souls.

What is Catholic Action . . . but LOVE IN ACTION?

Yes, it is with great joy that I bring to Mary on this, the feast of her Assumption, the little gift of our Summer School. Six weeks dedicated to teaching the ways and means of learning how to love God and how to preach His Gospel BY LIVING IT FIRST. Six weeks of watching hungry hearts being filled with LOVE THAT IS GOD. Six weeks of praying together, of working together, of playing together before His face!

It seems odd that in an almost unknown corner of Canada's backwoods, this could have happened! But it did. Then again, why shouldn't it happen here? Isn't this her house, this first Canadian branch of our Friendship House? Isn't this MADONNA HOUSE?

And isn't this her century? Has she not appeared in Portugal, in France, in Belgium, and in Germany, so that men and women should arise and go in search of Her Son . . . in search of Love . . . in search of God . . . and to bring other men and other women to Him?

THROUGH MARY TO JESUS . . . should be the battlecry of Catholic Action. It is the cry here at Madonna House, which like ourselves (and all who come here) is Hers—all Hers.

Mary, Beloved, this month on this your feastday . . . we offer you this small gift of our hearts, of the hearts of all who passed through our front door—painted blue in your honor. Take them unto yourself, and enlarge them so that they may contain more love. Pierce them with the lance of your love so that each and everyone of them becomes a door, a way . . . to your Son, and your Father—and His—and to your Spouse, the Holy Ghost. Amen.

COMBERMERE

By Catherine Doherty

The trouble with my cooking is, of course, the Holy Ghost! Just as I am ready, and settled in my mind, to prepare a meal for twenty . . . He sends FOUR MORE.

When the meal and I are readjusted and almost ready, some more of His friends, and hence ours, come hurrying in—maybe five more . . . maybe ten. That's how it is, Friends . . . when one endeavors to cook for Christ the three ordinary meals of a day.

A sense of the unexpected, of adventure, even of glamor, pervades our kitchen at Madonna House. It keeps us all apostles of the kitchen . . . on our toes. It makes us creative for God's sake and our neighbors'.

Don Bosco's Bread

It brings home to us too the beauty of the Gospel story of the multiplication of loaves. It happens to us, oh, every so often. John Bosco had something there. When the Salesian community cook came to him to announce that they had only one loaf of bread left for the next meal Don Bosco was not worried a mite. He blessed the loaf and had it passed all around. It fed the entire community.

Our "multiplications" are not so spectacular . . . but only God and I . . . (and maybe St. John Bosco) know how miraculous they often are.

How did Don Bosco get into my kitchen and into this article? That is simple. We had with us, one of his sons, Father Angelo Franco, who came from California, to work with Eddie on a life of the great saint. Naturally Don Bosco came with Father Franco. And, since I have known the saint for many years, and have talked over with him many of my problems, I invited him to come and help me in the kitchen. And, believe me, he does!

You know food is awfully

dear these days. Even for us here who grow our own pigs, and our own chickens, who have our eggs and vegetables and berries. That is where ingenuity and the saints come in. The saints have more ideas about how to stretch things out than you ever will find in cook books. You don't believe me? Come on in and see for yourself.

Business As Joy

Yes, Madonna House is a busy place these days. With an average of twenty-five to thirty people passing through it every week, for the various courses on Catholic Action. But what a joyful "business" this is!

God knows it is a privilege beyond compare to extend our hospitality to these guests. To cook for them. To try and make them comfortable. To give them rest.

But when I think that their souls too are fed with the knowledge of God and the things of God, so that they may grow in the love of Him and their neighbor, and that all this is done by saintly priests who come here free of charge, giving their holidays to this spiritual "feeding" . . . words fail me to express my gratitude to God and our Blessed Mother, under whose patronage our Summer School is run.

Tired we may be, we of the kitchen and other details. But our hearts sing a continual Alleluia for this incomprehensible and immense privilege.

Oh yes, Summer School time at Madonna House is a busy time and a happy one, even though my cooking is constantly interfered with by the Holy Ghost. Yet everyone cleans his plate. And some ask for more!

Spirit of Wisdom . . . keep on sending us Your guests, as many as You want to, when You want to. We realize they are Your blessing on this House. Amen.

Heart of Mary. On the inside of the door, tack reminders of Our Holy Faith.

Now the travelling Madonna is ready to make her first trip.

Remind Johnnie two days in advance that it will be his turn to have the family welcome Our Lady of Fatima to his home. A few flowers, and a clean white cloth on a table especially prepared, will make it all the more impressive. The Rosary will be said around this little altar, with the vigil light burning.

So Our Lady Lives

Next morning the travelling Madonna will be returned to the classroom where she will be enthroned for the day. At the close of the school day, Betty or Harriet, will be entrusted with her. And the next day it will be Jimmy or Maggy or Eunice or Sylvester who proudly takes the statue home.

So Mary travels to a different home every day.

Thus, Teacher, you will have used another means of making Mary live. Many of your pupils—and their families too—will be inspired to erect a permanent little altar in the home, and say family prayers there every night!

Our Blessed Mother will obtain special graces from her Son for all those who consecrate themselves to her. And some will, because of your travelling Madonna; because of you.

FIVE ACRE MEDITATIONS

(Continued from Page Two), a choir I had ever heard.

I went back to my slumbers again, musing on these people who had so sweetly wakened me. The staff workers of Madonna House. The Visiting Volunteers. The students in the Summer School of Catholic Action, and the priests. Men and women of all ages between 16 and 61.

Sleepy or not, somehow I connected them with Our Lady's visitation. Christ was in them too, in their visit to us. And Christ was growing in them—will keep growing in them wherever they go from here.

The Guy Eats

After a time somebody brought me up a tray, with food on it. But I had no appetite. There was a pressure in me hard to write about. When I have such a pressure I eat in bed. Somebody brought me a tray, said a few words and left me. I woke again, after a time, to hear people singing, "Happy Birthday to You."

Pretty Mary Omanique, the youngest guest in Madonna House, was sixteen years old that morning, and Catherine had a cake baked for her. There were sixteen candles burning on it. They were bringing it out I knew, onto the long veranda where everybody sat—everybody but me—and I could almost see Mary's eyes shining with happiness and wonder.



I lay back again. And while I lay there I heard the people on the veranda singing the Star Spangled Banner.

I realized then, only then, that it was the Fourth of July.

They were still singing the national anthem when Dot Phillips brought me up a square of cake with one candle burning on it.

The Guy Rejoices

"This is for you," she said. "Catherine made a birthday cake for Mary, and another for the United States. Happy Independence Day!"

Independence Day! And a day of utter dependence on God!

Well, we are like that, we Americans. We are independent of the world. But we confess, even on our coins, "in God we trust."

It was worth living all these years to realize that truth; and to know that come what will, the United States, the country dedicated to the Immaculate conception, will be on the side of God.

It too has loved, O Lord, the beauty of Thy house; and the place where Thy glory dwelleth. Take not away its soul with the wicked; nor its life with men of blood!

A Highway Breviary Of a Ben. J. Labre

By E. Martin Moscato

(Our Mr. Moscato envisions a friend of his—you may know the type—who goes hither and yon, sometimes hitchhiking, sometimes flipping a slow freight, sometimes trudging through the mud and the sand and the wind and the rain, but always cheerfully, always prayerfully, always singing in his own way, the praises of the Lord. St. Joseph Labre was a fellow of this kind.)

Invitation:

Hey, come on. Let's love the Lord—Jubilemus Deo, salutari nostro—Look for His smile among the grass On Route 9W. Because He made the roads (and used us For His instruments), the roads, I mean, That ride straight Home to Father.

And glory be to Father, and to Son, and Holy Spirit, As it was in Pittsburgh, is in Hackensack, and Will be when the highways all go Home.

Night watch:

I have kept my vigils at the crossways, When no head-lights lifted up my hope. (I am a hitch-hiker on the earth. Hide not Thy Will from me.) He looks down sometime, alltime, though we Do not see, out from the busy stars. I've seen Him and His Face, not frightening. I know His breath from sleeping, purple swamps As well as in tall tabernacles of the distant stars.

And glory to the Father, and the Son, and Holy Ghost, As it was on curbstones, is, in Parkway dust, And will be when the highways all go home.

Praises:

Bless the Lord, all you projects of Heaven Laudate et superexaltate eum in saecula! Bless the Lord, all you trucks of the Lord. (Got a lift from a guy luggin' stone, And a beer with a farmer from Lexington.) Bless the Lord, all you Caddies and Fords. (They don't stop if your suit isn't pressed.) Bless the Lord all you hamburger joints. Bless the Lord all you salesmen, you travellers. Bless the Lord all you sons of the Lord. (And you sons-o'-guns, too speedy for Charity.) O Bless Him. Bless the Lord.

Glory to Father and Son, and glory also to Love, As it was in the morning, and even in the night, and Will be when the highways all go home.

Sun-up:

Jam lucis orto sidere Deum precemur supplices. Another day, another town, and maybe another job. Whatever comes, You're there, So I should worry! I should care! Halleluja, I'm a bum!

Morning, noon, and after:

When it's hot there's always shade. When it's cold then I can run. Rain makes good baths and Sunshine is a lovely towel. Over the swarming traffic Or the empty deserts, fields, or avenues, My Lady looks and listens. I ain't got no taxes; I ain't got no bills. I got my eats in every burg. He hovers with a square Meal In His House. I've tasted Him and I shall never hunger.

Glory be to Providence, and Bread, and Breath of Life, As it was in the flop-house, is now on the trail, and Will be when the highways all go Home.

Sunset:

The world is red and violet. I'm not afraid. I'll be O.K. Because You're with me, and Your rod and staff, they comfort me. And even if I should step in front of an oil truck I'll come out ahead. My soul makes You look Bigger, Lord. (My little soul You have not left alone Along the roads.) And I am happy with the freedom of Your tramps, Because (you'd never think it) He, Who is All majesty, has done big things to me, Just like He told our fathers when They bummed up from captivity.

Glory to the Father, and the Son, and the Holy Ghost, As it was in Israel, is in the Atom-Age, and Will be when the highways all go Home.

Bedtime for all Christians:

Before another day's wrapped up, A few more items—While I sleep and where, My God, I slumber—Tuck me in. I Cannot live tomorrow 'til it comes and My today has ended. In between, that Awful mystery named sleep . . . I wonder where the roads go, where they falter, and I wonder if my highway may go skyward. Glory be to You, and to the Queen (Hi, Mom). It is the quit, the shut-eye time, But I am not afraid. I love. And I will sing Your mercies In alternam.

Travelling Madonna

By A Visitor

Soon the youth of our land will be returning to their classrooms. Every Catholic teacher is always eager to receive new helps to guide those entrusted to their care along the road of goodness.

What joy it would bring to our Lady of Fatima if in every elementary classroom she might see a "travelling home madonna."

Would you like to know more about it?

Purchase a statue of Our Lady of Fatima, about twelve inches in height. Manual training classes will be thrilled to make a shrine for her. If this is impossible, then the local carpenter will deem it a great privilege to do it.

Getting It Ready

Put a door on your small shrine, and lock it with a padlock. Put the key on a chain, along with a Sacred Heart badge and a medal. The domestic science pupils will decorate the little shrine with blue material. Anchor the statue in the case, and include a votive light, a glass, and a candle. Put a rosary around Our Blessed Mother's hands, and also a pair of capulans. Slip in a copy of the Act of Consecration to the Immaculate

AMONG THE LONELY

(Continued from Page One)

for teasing. But you really made me envious when you wrote about the new spirit that is taking hold of the people in our old parish — bringing all together in such friendly contact to talk over their problems and enjoy life a bit in common.

"I could almost smell the hot biscuits, the home-made butter, and the maple syrup you served with the tea, at the close of the study-club meeting . . .

"But tell me: why did you have to wait until so many of the young folks went away to try to put some life into the parish?

"Give Dad a good hug for what he has done for the neighborhood — introducing a new hope into social and economic things — the discussion-club way of renewing life in people and things. I have read about such community face-liftings, from deserted villages to thriving centers . . . Work for all, through credit unions, or whatever it is they call these associations that keep the peoples' money circulating in the community.

"Is that what you are aiming at, in your plans?

To Fill A Hope Chest

"I was just thinking that a credit union would be a great help to a girl trying to fill a hope chest and amass a little pile of cash against the day when this dreadful war is over and the boys come home.

"But you asked me how things were going in the city. Rotten I would say. Most of the girls where I am working had a terrible time finding lodgings. One girl slept three nights in the railroad station, and never a change of clothing, before she could get a room. I was rather lucky to come across a school friend who shares her room with me.

"The meals in the restaurants are the limit. You pay for a whole dairy to get a glass of milk. And such a blue watery concoction! One gets enough food for a dollar to allow one to know what they are serving. I am hungry all the time. Wages are not so wonderful when one considers expenses. If we buy clothing, and that is necessary quite often, there is nothing left to salt away. To make a long story short, we are merely existing.

And The Payoff?

"As if to complete my loneliness, and it is a knockout, the coldness of Catholics attending Mass on Sunday, is a scandal. They rush in to the church like they would to a show, and they rush out again before the Sacrifice is ended. There is no charity, no friendly greetings, like brothers and sisters in Christ — They would actually tramp on you, to get to confession before you, or to the Communion railing first . . . It is

terrible . . . I don't think the bulk of them are Catholics at all. At least they show no Faith in their movements.

"With a few improvements and conveniences, give me the country place any time. There are friends. There is contentment. There is a feeling of freedom in God's open spaces.

"As soon as you get this movement in full swing, you may kill the fatted calf to welcome home, Your loving daughter, Nora.

Another Letter

Mike nodded to his good wife, who answered with a knowing smile. He went whistling to the garden and she could be heard singing above the catter of pots and pan in the kitchen . . .

The drone of quickly moving planes roared out of the silent sky and shattered the quietude of our valley.

These birds of war circled, dipped, dived, climbed again into the blue heavens, were gone in a flash.

The pilots were only having a workout, but their appearance over the valley brought uneasiness to many homes, especially to that of Pat, who lived in continual dread of distressing news of his son, now roaming foreign skies with a Canadian squadron.

His brooding concern vanished only when the mail carrier brought him a letter from the boy.

(To Be Continued)

CATHOLIC FAMILIES

(Continued from Page One)

ters, and the communal farming life is now thriving.

Romance and Work

"The romance of founding the farming commune was tempered with reality," says Martin Paul, one of the settlers, "and with hard work, sacrifice, prayer, and sometimes disappointment and disillusionment, but never with despair. With all the difficulties the life is spiced with freedom unencumbered by convention. With time for worship and recreation, the free observance of holy days is alone a joy not known in the cities. There has been the joy of birth, the tragedy of death, and uncertainty it leaves behind. But with every experience, good, bad, joyous, or sad, has come the cleansing of body and soul; the body from its softness—its almost sensual bent due to city life—and the soul from its individualistic tendencies, its materialistic concepts of life."

Father Francis J. McGoe, a rural life director, who is widely known for his settlement at King, Ontario, points out that too often farm youths do not realize the great benefits rural life has over urban life.

In a pamphlet, "Rural Sociology," he says "one of God's important laws is to increase and multiply. The best place to bring up a family is in the country. It

is healthy, with lots of fresh air, and good food. The children can learn to work with the parents and it is the habit of work the world needs to-day. Parents can teach by word and example as they are in contact with the children more."

Father Regrets

Speaking about sacramentals and rural life, Father McGoe says: "It is regretted that so many good Catholics living in rural districts do not make use of those blessings which refer to the land and the products of the soil. In the realm of the sacramentals the influence of Christ and the Church extends into the thousand and one circumstances of the home, work, agriculture and recreation. In all these circumstances of life the Church continually offers incidental helps through the sacramentals."

Most rural leaders agree with Father McGoe that the assets of rural living, both spiritual and economical, far outnumber the benefits of city life. They point out that the urban dweller is exposed to the bombardment of advertising propaganda which tends to make city dwellers seek the twin goals of comfort and entertainment.

They believe the rural environment is the only one in which a person can put up a successful fight against these false values, and learn the joy of creative work and the understanding of life's true values.

The landward movement is young, but it pins its hopes on a re-education of Catholic youth to the true beauty of rural living and a fuller understanding of the great dignity of the farmer. Those behind the movement realize their tremendous responsibility, for in the hands of zealous rural leaders, lays the hope of a Catholic America!

One Little Question

By Mary Omanique

(The Editors of Restoration asked Mary to write a few paragraphs on her impressions of the Summer School of Catholic Action; and she has obliged. We asked her because she was the youngest to come to the school, because she had never been here before, because she looked so dazed, so bewildered, so troubled and confused, and because we had heard that she could write. These are her impressions of her first day, from the time she arrived to the moment she tumbled into the upper of one of our double-decker bunks in St. Joseph's dormitory.)

Excuse me, but what is that bell for?

Tea! Thank you, now could you tell me where this

tea is being held?

Ordinarily I would have been very hesitant about engaging these busy people in my game of 20 (x 10) questions, but Christian charity has a way of dispelling one's "getting acquainted fears." Before I was actually aware of it, the B's rousing "Let's get organized" seemed to make everything quite possible even to a novice.

The Weather Man? Maybe

Perhaps the weather man would explain it in terms of prevailing winds and nimbus, but I prefer to see in the pure clouds, the reflective river, and the general Sunday calm, the handiwork of the Master Artist. It was as if He had deliberately provided a Gainsborough-like setting for the little white Church.

I had hoped that some time in the distant future I'd meet some of the powerful patrons of Madonna House, but to meet St. Peter, St. Veronica and Blessed Martin all at once on this my very first day! Blessed Martin. He must be that colored saint we read about in Queen's Work. Why do you suppose Mrs. Doherty chose him as the patron of one of the cottages?

Now just a minute young lady, if you keep this up, you'll wind up as M.C. on some quiz program . . . Well, just one last question, please?

What is this indefinable quality which encompasses Madonna House?

She Has To Know

Now you know why I had to end my short-lived year of writing mystery stories with those weird plots. If you'll promise not to tell Sherlock, I think I've established a few facts, but they require much intensive research before I can even hope to file a report.

Madonna House is like a magnet drawing forth an ardent desire to work for Christ, and to seek advice and instruction through his Mother Mary. You feel as though maybe this time you'll hit the jackpot, so you make a frantic attempt to locate the encyclopedia before the telephone rings. "A little knowledge is a dangerous thing," and rumors had it that the B employed the Holy Ghost as chief of staff. Believe me, I half expected to find cherubs in the kitchen, busily engaged in running spiritual errands for those who have placed themselves under the roof of Madonna House.

The Bottom Rung

I had planned to act as natural as possible and I must admit at this point that I failed to give the impression that I grasped what the various little groups were discussing. Supper, then Compline, then—oh, I mustn't miss the evening lecture. The B's explanation of Catholic Action left me on the bottom rung.

Putting my Webster's

aside temporarily, I mentally prepared a sympathy note for the leader of the opposition, should ever the B enter politics. We had the formula. Equipped with the proper equations and the sources of supply of the raw materials, we set about the job of reconstruction of the house of the Lord.

Immediately I went to the architect for directions. A blueprint before me, I was eager to start construction. But more haste, less speed, and my foundations were rather shaky. I decided a whole revamping was in order.

So Ends The Day

Surely it isn't time for bed! Why I can't seem to catch up with myself, and I have so much to do. My guardian angel threatened to go on strike if I didn't give her a 12-hour day, so I thought I'd better compromise.

Before I had even begun this business of Catholic Action, I found myself on the top bunk. It was very edifying.

But after all, St. Joseph, I didn't expect to get so high for at least a couple of weeks. In bed at last! Now to switch off—oops, blow out—the lights!

A week on the farm last summer enabled me to give my fellow inmates the impression that I was a past master in the art of lighting oil stoves and lamps. Naturally, I played my role to the hilt, with a thought of how Loretta Young might have portrayed the farmer's daughter. Somehow, my smug feeling was rapidly deserting me, though. My flights into the rarified air of CA, (and the bunk!) were a little too much for me.

I had warned St. Jude to see that I found everything promptly in the morning, and I had said I would appreciate it if he would wake me half an hour earlier than usual. Then just to make sure, I asked St. Joseph to remind St. Jude, though I realized that might get St. Joe up a little before dawn.

No, I haven't been cured of my questionitis—

"Aren't you glad you came, my friend?"

The answer to that one I know.

Prayer to Mary

Mary, Mother of my Lord,
Come and dwell with me.
Take my prayers and all my works,
Make them fair to see.

Lowly, mean, though they may be,
Full of sin and shame,
Thou canst make them worthy yet,
If given in thy name.

He Who came to us through thee,
Leaving Heaven above,
Surely now will bless these gifts,
Made spotless by thy love.

—Isabel Connelly

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